Fight for Paradise

color theory

Fight for Paradise *Issue 1* was created under the prompt 'Divesting Aesthetics'. To start the conversation of aesthetics from the perspective of BIPOC designers/creatives and to catalogue anecdotes on how designers come to question and resist eurocentric ideals.

everything is your friend
everything is your friend
everything is your friend
everything is your friend
everything is your friend

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Fight for Paradise
Issue Number 1
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Editor's Introduction

Yesterday's historians have convinced us that the primary culture to understand the intricacies, value, and nuance of ourselves were white men. Almost every story told, sketch drawn, or spear uncovered has been bounded by the expectation of European aesthetics. The fight to reclaim ourselves and our ancestors' stories is ongoing. After such a defining year as 2020, for some, the motivation now is introspection and preservation. I am hopeful that tomorrow's histories will belong to the people experiencing it and nothing less will be accepted.

> These anecdotes by designers of color purely exist to show representation in design as it is today. They are more than laborers who create ideas — they themselves are the idea and concept. In "The Pragmatic Immigrant Designer" we explore that every sensibility has a backstory. The unlearning of masculine ideals in, "Candor". If we aren't expanding we aren't living, "Stretch or Die". "Bazaar Funk" teaches us that culture is a two way street. We learn the cultural consequence of colonialism in,"French Aesthetics as Symbols of Power."

Before anything else, it is important to note that Color Theory is barely scratching the surface of what it means to be a non-white creative today. These anecdotes are part of a larger initiative by us to see people who look like us and magnify their experience and work. We are a small word of mouth collective that simply exists to continue the overall discourse of design and its relationship to diversity, divesting, and decolonization.

We thank the supporters and contributors that give Color Theory meaning.

Alex Ortega

The Pragmatic Immigrant Designer

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Thank You

Tom Chung

A few years ago I participated in a juried design exhibition in central Europe. In addition to my project I presented a publication documenting the circumstances surrounding the first years of my studio practice in Toronto; the mundane elements of running a studio, the industrial nature of the city, and the friends who influenced my work. The title, Local Source,[1] was purposefully tongue-in-cheek, questioning how we perceive locality and associate value towards it. My work did not have any sort of regional vernacular and was using materials that were industrial and globally sourced, but to me, it was deeply entrenched within the fabric of the city. Could this work still be considered local?

My indirect approach to constructing a local narrative was lost on some members of the jury. The message was clear; if you are to call your design regional it should be obviously following a (and better your) national design history. Although I was not surprised with the interpretation (design is a field which celebrates distinct classifications) it did make me reflect deeply on my own identity as a designer. Did my work lack meaning due to it's vague international aesthetics?

The emphasis on design presented through a nationalist lens[2] is something that I have always struggled with. As a second generation immigrant I have never felt I belonged to one particular culture, country or place. Is design more valuable or authentic if it follows a historical regional vernacular but doesn't represent or serve its contemporary locale? What is the relevance of regionalism within a globally transient society? As an ethnic minority must we resort to exploiting our cultural background in order to be given a platform within an imperialist system?

Ironically, internationalism, pragmatism and economic constraint is an unexpected thread between my work and previous Canadian designers. A few years ago I came across a book titled Modern Furniture in Canada 1920 to 1970.The curiously specific title by Virginia Wright, former decorative arts curator at the Royal Ontario Museum, chronicles the very short history of furniture design in Canada.

One passage of the book describes a 1954 furnishing committee that was assembled to dress the newly built Ontario Architects Association building in Toronto. During this process '"the committee eschewed patriotism, looking at work from other countries as well as Canada, but announced that it had ended up being forced by 'economics' to buy Canadian 'wherever possible'.[3] Through these constraints they found 'very little suitable Canadian-made furniture was to be found on the market,'"[4] and ended up designing most of it themselves.

All of a sudden there was a strange lineage between my work and country of practice. The difference was this story was not about Canadian design, but simply design in Canada. This design history that was not told through nationalist nostalgia or the romanticized landscape, but through government, legislation and economics. If we must discuss design through ones identity we should also consider their other direct environmental circumstances and not simply ones country of origin.

For me, my introduction to objects came from two very different places. I was born in Vancouver to Chinese parents who immigrated to Canada from Zimbabwe and Malaysia. When my father's family relocated from Zimbabwe, they moved with many possessions from Africa, small limestone carvings, a record collection of mostly British music, and furniture that had been imported from Hong Kong to Zimbabwe before moving with them once again. These artifacts were strewn across our house and mixed together with ubiquitous Ikea chipboard furniture set upon a 1980's patchwork renovation (read: large etched glass swan room divider) done by the previous owner (when I helped renovate my parents' house a few years ago we found that the original brick fireplace had been buried behind the wall and replaced by a black metal one set upon a mirrored ledge). All this is to say there was a mismatched landscape within our house where I gained a sense of the world outside and developed an understanding of migration at a very early age.

Born in 1990, I also grew up surrounded by peak 90's consumer culture. I used to spend hours watching infomercials for all sorts of useless gizmos and once convinced my mother to purchase a '3D Rake' from the shopping channel as I was so enthralled with its design (imagine a rake where the flat part was replaced by a cage with a lever mechanism that allowed you to pick leaves up off the ground without bending over, it worked horrendously). If I am to credit my introduction to design it might have to be TV first and my mother second. A trained economist and later part-time bookkeeper, she is not a designer in the traditional sense, but her pragmatic sensibilities made her a constant *fixer* around the house creating numerous *inventions* and *ready-made* home solutions over the years (zap straps, rubber bands, tape). If it worked it was certainly good enough, *functionalism over everything*.

In my design practice I have always resisted relating my cultural identity to my work, instead looking towards my direct surroundings for influences. In hindsight my refusal to shape my work through my identity has been a way to help me understand my own. My obsessive documentation of place through receipts, photographs, emails served as evidence that I was rooted somewhere. Reflecting on my past 7 years in Toronto, my upbringing in Vancouver, and everything in-between it is easy to identify an obvious connection. Economics first, Functionalism to its core, no time for the superfluous. If it works it is good enough; I approach my design work with the same attitude as my mother: the pragmatic immigrant designer.

1.
tomchung.net/projects/local-source

2.
Chevalier, Fabienne, and Richard Wittman. "Finland through French Eyes: Alvar Aalto's Pavilion at the Paris International Exhibition of 1937." *Studies in the Decorative Arts* 7, no. 1 (1999): 65-105. Accessed October 13, 2020.

3.
RAIC Journal, December 1954 quoted in Virginia Wright, "Modern Furniture in Canada 1920 to 1970" University of Toronto Press, 1997: p. 165

4.
Wright, Virginia, "Modern Furniture in Canada 1920 to 1970" University of Toronto Press, 1997: p. 165

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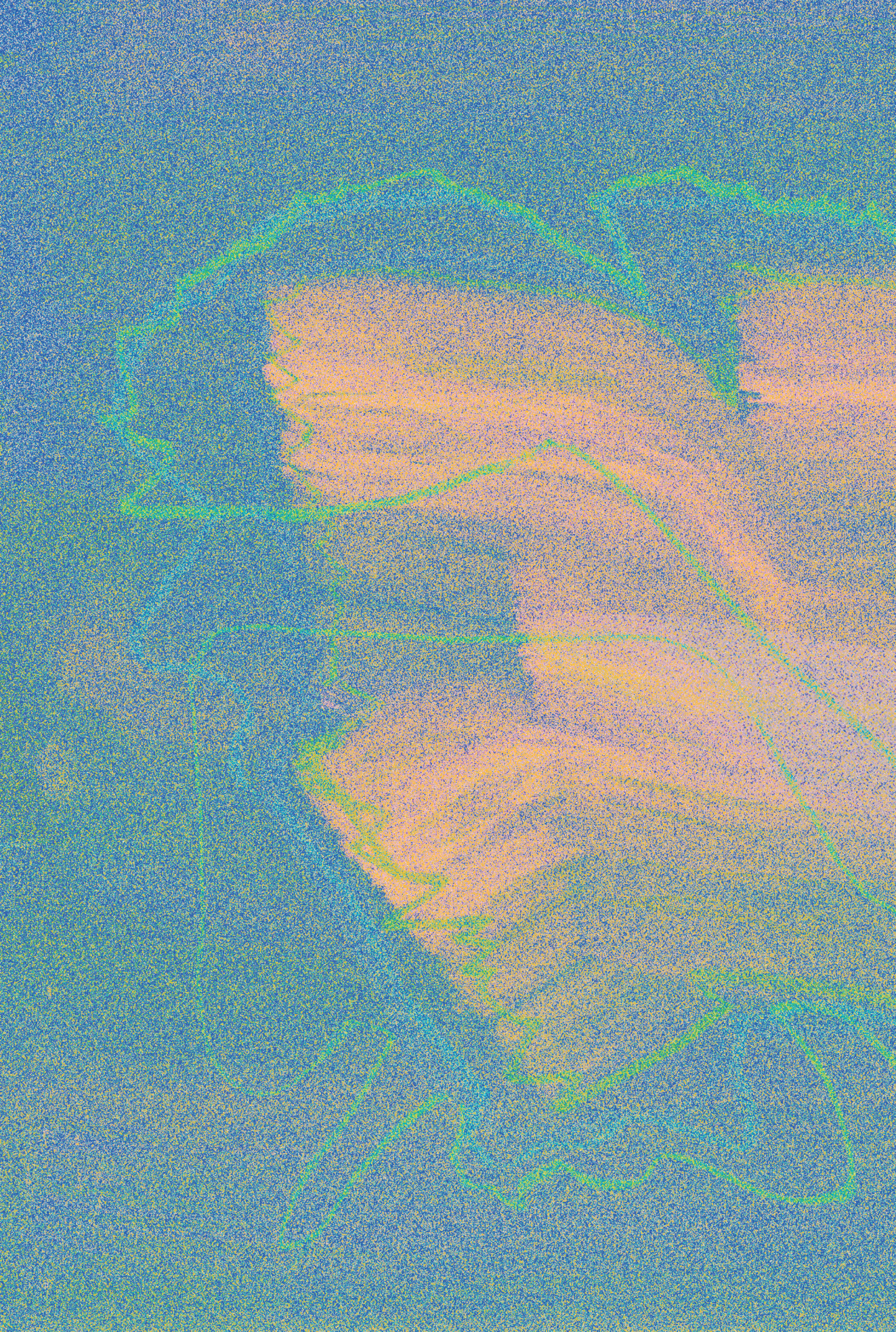
Jessica Choi

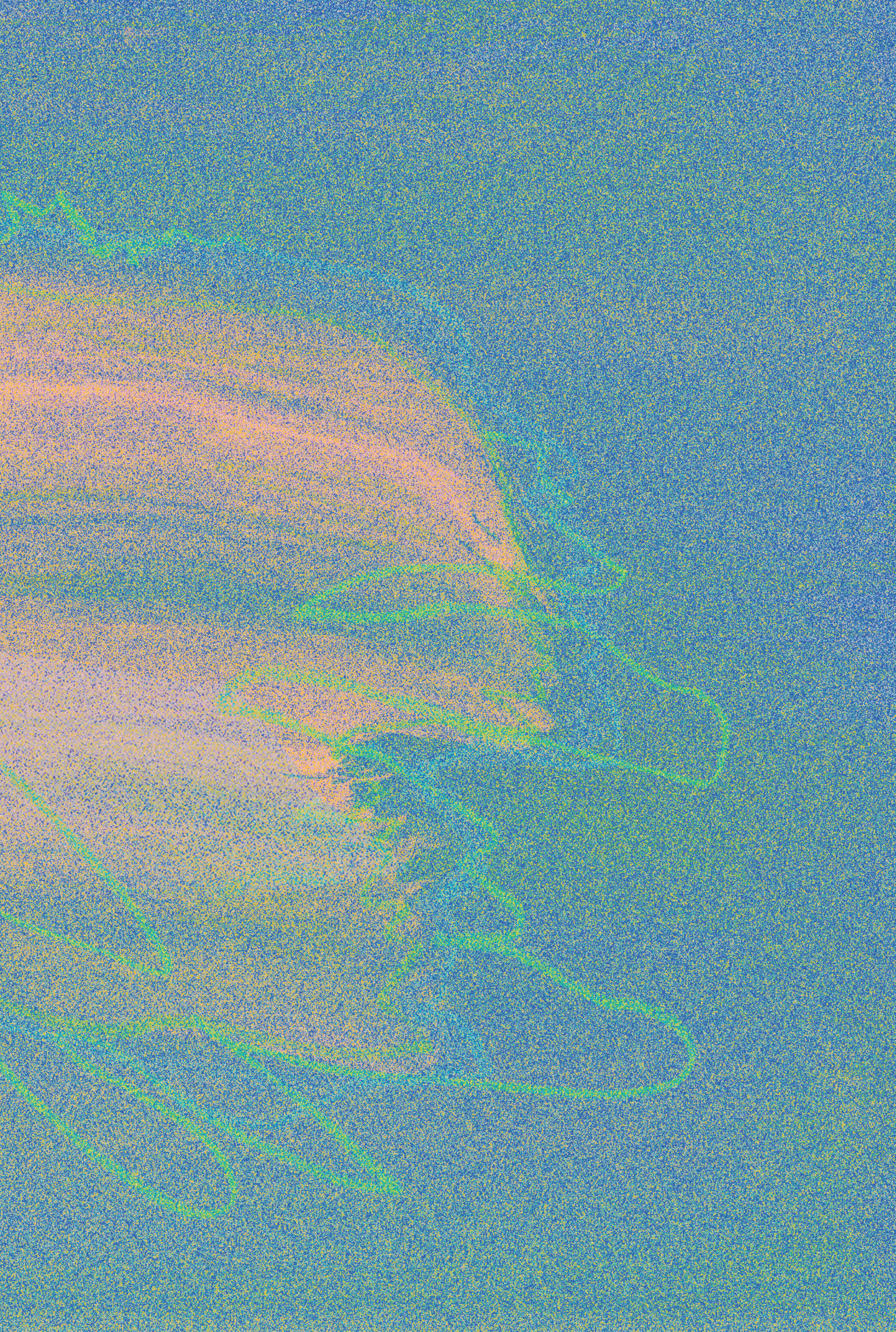
As a trained Industrial Designer, (from an American art school, one specializing in the production of designers for the automotive industry) I've learned a very specific way of process and aesthetic that nodded to fast cars, aggressive control and even faster lines (my Transportation Design/sketch-obsessed colleagues will know what I mean!). I have been conditioned to see what a westernized crowd finds attractive, subjectively correct, and beautiful. As a result, I have learned to hold back my own sense of beauty afraid of backlash/outcast or oppression that may follow — (something I had experienced in the past working with non-diverse teams, at times being the only female and designer of color).

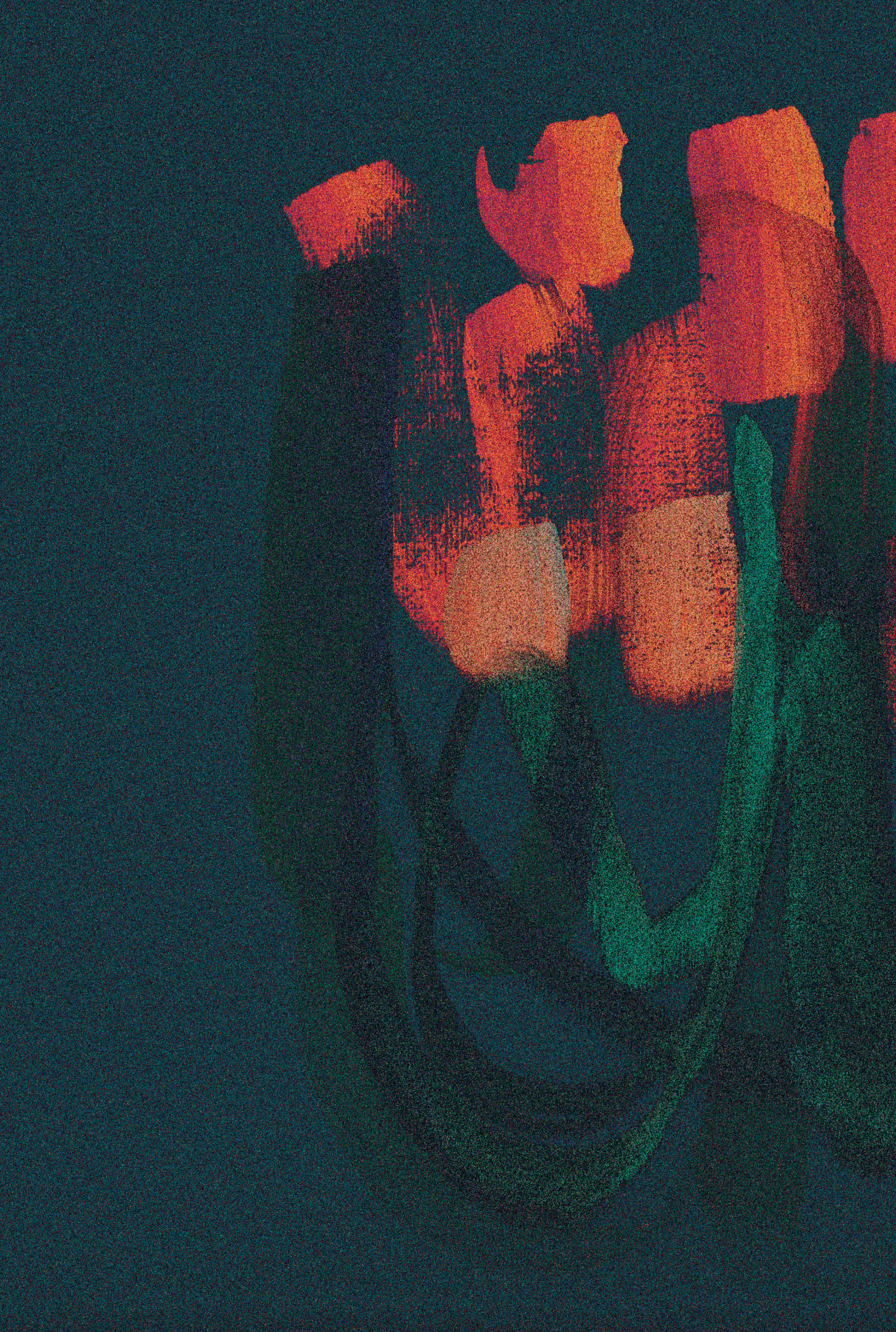
The last 5 years has been a vulnerable awakening and an unlearning of a historically masculine and westernized discipline. I have been finding who I am as an artist and designer, shedding my old taught ways of control and searching new processes. I have been coming to terms with what I innately find beautiful as an Asian-American woman and an artist. My culture, my upbringing, and my bio-chemical makeup influences the way I think, work, see, feel and create — and I no longer want to hold them back. I have woken up from what feels like a hypnosis, and slowly finding my way back into myself.

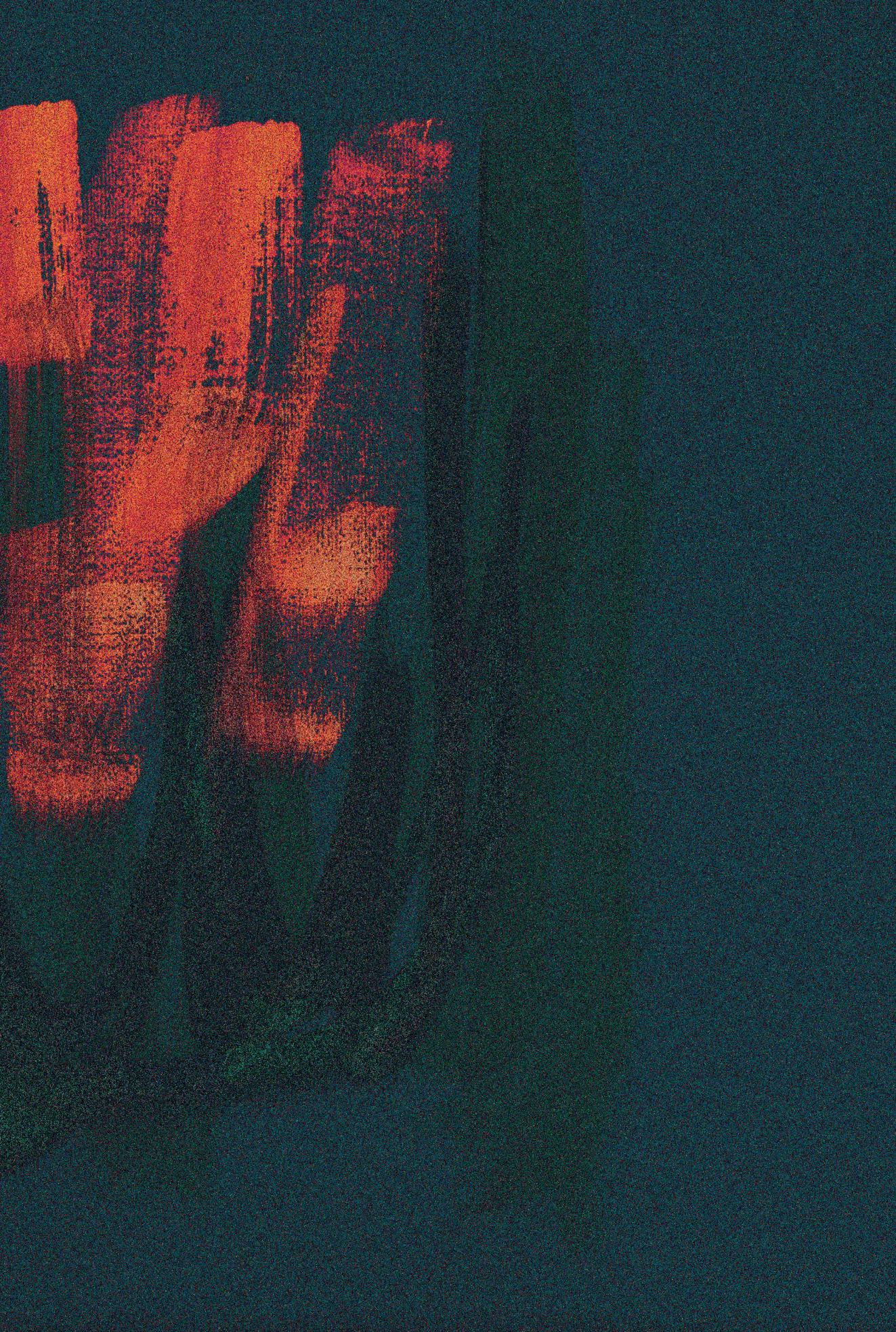
*

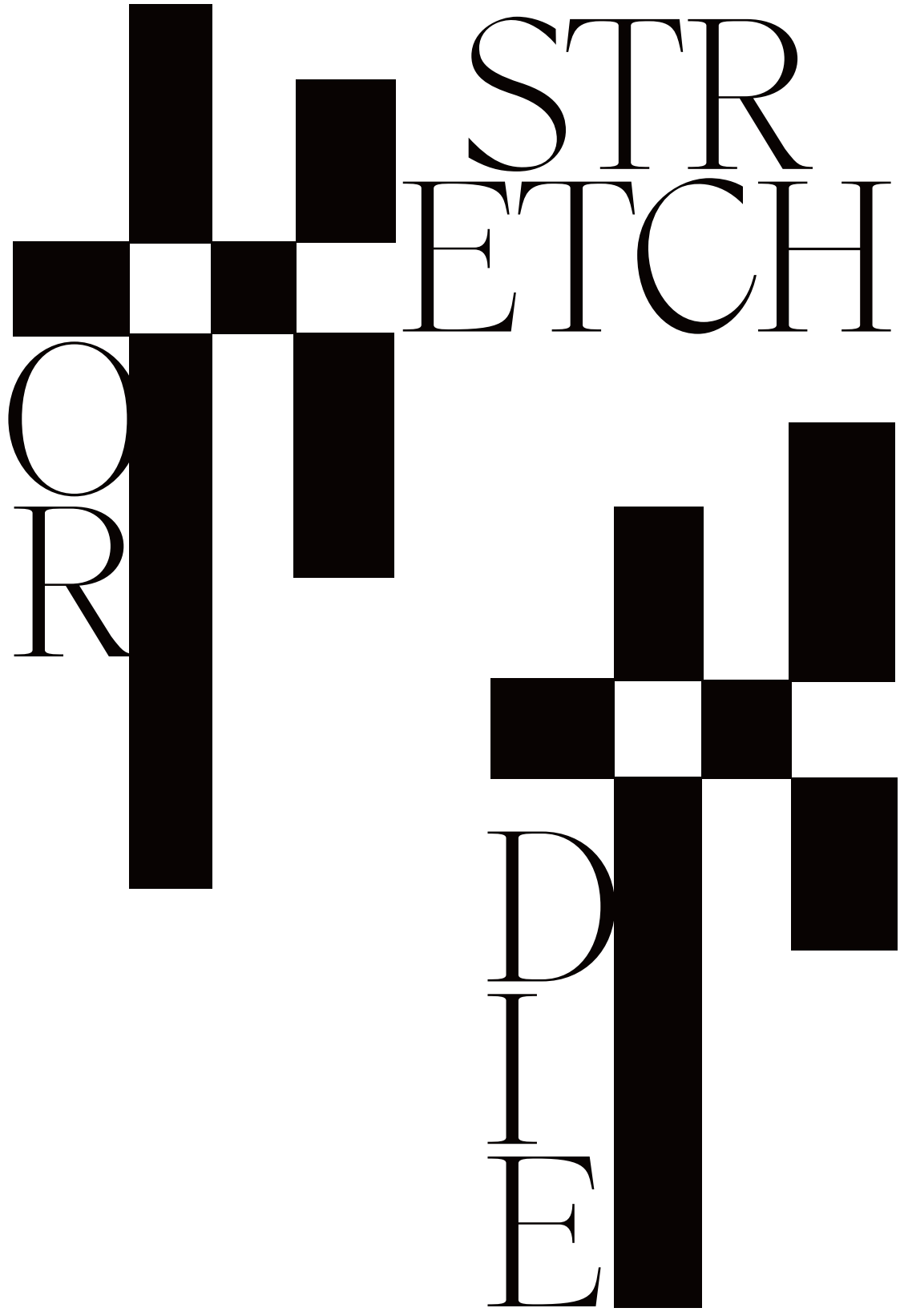
Illustrations on pages 14–17 are works completed by Jessica Choi.










STR
ETCH
OR
DIE

Samantha Vo

There is no measurement complex enough to define the
elasticity of me.

I am without boundaries.

To resist expanding is to not live.

STR

STOCK

QUARTZ

BOND

Bazaar Funk

America, as a liberating concept, vibrated onto our family's TV screen in the early '90s. It took the shape of MTV, whose jolting still-rough edges and fuck-you-sensibility felt like, and literally was, a world away from my life in Tehran. I remember the channel as jeering, revolutionary, all consuming — a subversive shadow of the polished coma that it is today.

I would hum along to the chorus,

Its next manifestation came in the form of Doc Martens, which my older cousin coveted, asking for a new pair anytime someone made a cross-Atlantic trip. Their signature yellow stitching was mistaken for American ingenuity, and while it was knocked off plenty in the local bazaar, it somehow felt more radical to wear shoes that had spent fourteen hours on a plane.

Then it was "Another Night," the Real McCoy hit, whose high arpeggios blasted loud enough to rattle the dashboard of my cousin's 1992 white Mitsubishi Galant—slipping in and out of gear as we seesawed through the hills of northern Tehran. I would hum along to the chorus, and he would slow rap the verses, doing a Falco-esque baritone in the broken English that we all pretended to speak: "I tawk, tawk, I tawk too-yu."

All of this, as I understand it now, not from any particular expertise other than a vested therapeutic interest, was American soft power at work, conjuring up desire for a country half a world away.

But desiring what? Not political or religious freedoms: I was too young to understand politics, and indifferent to religion for which I didn't — and still don't much — care. What I really wanted was the promise of plenty, the little nirvanas that bounced around on TV in 30 second blocks. To live in a Coke commercial, with all those happy, complacent masses of every shade having all their material desires fulfilled. And I wanted this not because our life in Tehran didn't fulfill my needs (we were comfortably middle-class) but because it just *looked better* in America.

American soft power is a very real project, intended to fulfill national goals. Rather than swaying any specific individual, this project looks to move the collective unconscious of a foreign society as a whole — penetrating the everyday rather than the exceptional. And, frankly, the simplicity with which it operates is perhaps why it works so well: Not the dropping of thousands of leaflets on freedom and liberty over bombed out villages. Instead, simply turning a blind-eye to the pirated radio signals, infringed copyrights, and black-market bootlegs; making propagandists out of the counterculturists on the back of globalization. The program is, effectively, culture morphed into influence. And this should come as no surprise, it does what any political program does: looks for the potential national benefit in all things, blind to materiality or conscience.

Hard power obtains hard results — coups pulled off, dissidents wiped out, favorable leaders installed. Soft power is not effective in this way. It is not binary; it can't turn a little Iranian boy into an American with a genie's wink. But it can penetrate him in untidy ways that aren't easily quantifiable. It can breed in him a distaste for his immediate surroundings, and a desire for some infinite, unattainable reality. Tehran's bazaar is not so exciting once you've seen the Mall of America on TV.

America's soft entrance into Tehran allowed me to access a world that I wanted, but did not readily understand. It blinded me to the value of my society and its rich history, which I now see only as a mute aberration. Sitting with these ghosts, I remind myself that this was not something that was done to me. I was an active participant, I wished to be indoctrinated. I just didn't know what I was giving up.

And although these programs present a vision of ones' surroundings through a curved lens — aggrandizing when viewed from one direction and infantilizing from the other — what's to keep it from being flipped? When one realizes that the intent behind all of these seemingly innocent pieces of media was a malignant national agenda, it becomes rather easy to imagine the inverse — that the antibody to American cultural touchstones would inoculate through mimesis.

and he would slow rap the verses,

There is a record label based out of Berlin called Habibi Funk, which reissues records from the ‘60s through the ‘80s, generally adhering to the funk and soul that was spurting up in the Arab world at the time. One of its first pressings from 2015 was a little-known record from 1971 called Al Zman Saib by the Moroccan artist Fadoul. It is something else entirely

doing a Falco-like baritone

The record opens with “Sid Redad,” a cover of James Brown’s “Papa’s Got a Brand New Bag,” with Brown’s unmistakable, arduously perfected arrangement traded in for a looser fit — sung in Arabic, with a three-piece backing band. It’s good—really, really good. Though Fadoul’s music at the time was inherently Western in origin, when sung with his coarse energy these influences are swallowed then spat out with a decisive edge. The musical form is inverted just enough, if only through the language, that it redirects the eye. If imported funk was supposed to make us think that the West was sexy and free, Fadoul used it to remind the West of Arab passion. That, bluntly put, goddamn, the Arab world is funk itself. It’s a restorative salve for the sexlessness with which America depicts the Middle East. It highlights the sensuality of a culture that America fears and oppresses.

Then there is “Talagh,” a 1975 single from Googoosh, the venerable first lady of Persian pop music. Though a titan in her own right, with a seemingly endless catalog, I only first heard this song during a closing shift with an Iranian bartender I used to know. It’s the kind of music to which the naive click their heels and romantics slide down shower walls; it is truly sentimental.

The looming bassline is likely something you’ve heard before — it has certainly been sampled endlessly. With a tinge of hesitation, it shuffles forward at a delirious pace. Once you hear it you can’t escape it, it plays in your head for days. What may come as a surprise, however, is that the melody is an interpolation of a song from Jesus Christ Superstar, British composer Andrew Lloyd Webber’s rock opera about a historically Middle-Eastern man. Slowed, muddied with enough reverb to hypnotize, Googoosh’s version loses the dogmatism and theatricality of the original and becomes something much more subversive.

The instrumentality alone does much of the work: with the orchestral strings and the tombak drumbeat readily grounding it in the Middle East, the song reminds one that the guitar is a Moorish invention. While the original composition veers into fanatic British prog-rock, Googoosh's version maintains a seductive loneliness firmly rooted in Persian funk. In her hands, the melody drips with the mournful wrath of a love scorned, becoming a song about divorce. Googoosh recontextualizes the melody to such a degree that when it is sampled today, it references her vision rather than the original. She receives the imprimatur of the West because she has constructed something new and genuine from their tired composition — undoing the work of Western influence by reinventing its exports.

in the broken English that we all pretended to speak:

In these cross-pollinations I find something deeply affecting, a sort of do-it-yourself soft power at work. To me, these records feel like an effort to "normalize" non-Western modes within Western frameworks. And they do so in the ambitious manner in which Western soft-power has been wielded for decades, allowing them to be viewed as equitable — if not primary — altern-atives to the imported versions. Their unselfconscious production results in an inestimable authenticity, not unlike the one that glimmered, but did not materialize, in the initial lure of America for me.

"I tawk, tawk, I tawk too-yu."

My need to contextualize my identity comes from the spring of this soft power recoiling, of that much I am certain. It stems from the slow, decades-long realization that much of it is false advertising. That while the American project, a purported celebration of cultures, the land of plenty, is yet to be actualized, its dependency on our brand indoctrination continues to subsist. And while this machine steamrolls on blindly, there is some solace in realizing that the very things it looks to obfuscate can be personally grounding.

The practical value here is a renewed appreciation for music from a culture from which I have become estranged. And with that comes a much more significant truth, and a seldom acknowledged irony: the very means of Western influence can be used to undo it. Globalization, after all, is a two-way street.

French Aesthetics as Symbols of Power

Resisting Imperial Ideals in Vietnamese Design

Steffany Tran

I am a child of refugees. I am part of a Vietnamese generation that was born into "peace" for the first time. I was born in San Jose, California, but Saigon will always be what I hold in my head and my heart as home.

I used to ask myself—why doesn't Việt Nam have a well-known craft, design, or art? I didn't know the answer for a significant part of my life—but the truth is, I didn't start unpacking this until the last decade. I couldn't understand why as a culture, we didn't have things we could call as our "own" designs. I didn't understand why we didn't have a name to ourselves, like Chinese silk paintings, Swedish furniture, or Korean moon jars.

What I truly failed to acknowledge was this: Việt Nam has only known peace for 47 years. For centuries, we've been caught in between violence and trauma in the struggle for independence from multiple power-hungry nations. From China, to France, Japan, to Korea, and then there's the United States—we've been through hell and back, and still stand back up on our own two feet proudly.

Through every era of violence, Việt Nam lost a sense of self. Our people prioritized survival and freedom first. We had to achieve these things first before we had the capacity to focus on reshaping and recontextualizing our already rich history of art and design—such as in ceramics and lacquer art.

Let's take a step back. French Imperialism was by far the longest period, and extremely destructive in every sense. The relics of their power remain today. Visual artifacts and established institutions are scattered around the country, symbolizing the politics of power through architecture, urban planning, and objects. Of course, aesthetics falls short in comparison to the mass starvation, violence, and death induced by the French—their remnants serve as visual reminders to these acts of violence.

The French arrived in 1857 with the full intent to amass wealth via collectivized rice and rubber plantations, forcing our people to labor on their behalf, and to push their 'Mission Civilisatrice'. They considered the region, and consequently, our people, as an enterprise, not a country. Part of this meant seeing Indochina as beneath French customs, and doing what they could to change our people to suit the French. These invaders were known as the colon, and they prioritized architecture and aesthetics to declare symbolic dominance, as anchored, visual declarations as to who truly was in control.

I.

DESTROYING THE BUILT ENVIRONMENT

Eliminating Traditional Social Structures

Before French imperialism, most Vietnamese lived in structured, village clusters circumscribed by bamboo perimeters. These small, relatively closed communities often featured a specialized trade, and operated on communally owned land. The bamboo perimeters provided physical urban planning, they visually defined communities, specialties, and the customs and beliefs they hold dear.[1]

However, these structured communities did not satisfy French ideals. Our people were viewed as easy targets for dismantlement, to be paved over and rebuilt to represent French authority and align with their ideal "civilized" city.

II.

REPLACING TRADITION TO OBSTRUCT SOCIAL MOBILITY

Compulsory Languages

Imposing the French language on the Vietnamese was just one part of the 'Mission Civilisatrice'. The French sought to remake the Vietnamese language itself, in order to remove its visual "foreignness".

Prior to French Imperialism, Chữ Nôm was the preferred written language, derived from Chinese characters. Quốc ngữ, a romanized alphabet which included accents to accommodate Vietnamese consonants, vowels, and tones, was introduced by missionaries to help spread Christianity. It was established as compulsory by the French under the guise of helping more Vietnamese people learn to read and write, but was actually a means to "civilize" and make it easier to spread French ideals in a westernized education system.

Educational Reform

Unsurprisingly, this did not fare well. General education was free and widely available in Việt Nam before the French, with at least a 25% literacy rate. But once French language and other reforms were enforced across school systems, this high literacy rate plummeted. Only 1 out of 10 children were actually receiving school in the 1900s.[2]

By eliminating the aesthetics of Chữ Nôm in favor of western romanization, overall literacy dropped. This directly translated to fewer opportunities, and trapping much of the Vietnamese population in lower working classes.

III.
UPHOLDING OPPRESSIVE ARCHITECTURE + DENYING VIETNAMESE VOICES

French-First Architecture

Indochina became an imperial design playground of sorts, a place for French designers to come in and define a new narrative of supposed Vietnamese aesthetics—without, of course, incorporating the voices of millions of Vietnamese people that looked like me, my mother, or my bà nội. Eliminating markers of our heritage, such as bamboo and pagoda roofs, European styles like neoclassical, art nouveau, art deco, and baroque, were imported from France and suddenly sprouted all over Hà Nội and Sài Gòn, denying Vietnamese participation in the buildings they too would be interacting with.

1. V. Quốc Thúc, "Les Villes vietnamiennes", p. 210

2. D. Marr, Vietnamese Tradition on Trial, p. 34

Platforming Catholicism

Built in 1890, the Notre Dame Cathedral was one of the first examples of French authority in the city. All of the building's original materials were shipped over from France, rather than embracing the locally available natural materials, and was built atop a demolished pagoda.

The cathedral, like many other institutions, was not built for the local Vietnamese (that were majority Buddhist). It failed to acknowledge not only the people's needs, but the hot and humid climate of Sài Gòn. Instead, the architect doubled down on upholding French aesthetics through a red-brick facade and granite foundation—without any ventilation. Consequently, this created an unbearably humid setting that was not comfortable for anyone to use.

Disregarding us, and the environment we live in, told us that we were the ones that simply did not matter.

It was not until 1942 that the French would finally give in, piercing two additional openings in the hapels, mirroring a traditional Vietnamse practice for ventilation in temples.[3]

Symbolic Institutions

A number of public structures followed that echoed Parisian institutions, such as the Bưu điện Trung tâm Sài Gòn, Nhà hát, and Dinh Độc Lập, all brought to life in "French" styles. Their facades asserted not only French dominance over civilians, but the glory of French aesthetics over ours, and that their standards of beauty were universal. Anything that hinted at Vietnamese motifs or imagery—incorporating actual local aesthetics—was rejected, as if its mere existence was a threat to French culture.[4]

For example, Dinh Gia Long evokes French order by referencing France's democratic government with pillars topped with Corinthian capitals. This political association was recognizable to French residents as symbols of governance, but was foreign to the Vietnamese.[5] This reflected the reality of an imperial government that loudly wanted to proclaim to its subjects: you have no power.

3. "La Cathedrale de Saigon", Indochine, p. 13 -16

4. J. Buttinger, Vietnam, p. 53

5. J. Bouchot, Naissance, p. 42

IV.
Disguising objects as empowerment + Reinforcing imperial symbolism

Xích lô

Brought over from China as the rickshaw, then redesigned with the sole purpose of being a mode of transportation for the French, the xích lô embodied dominance. It showcased the image of Vietnamese working class carrying colon around town, exemplifying the imagery of dominance the French colonialists enjoyed.[6]

Pottery production

Việt Nam's rich history in pottery spans centuries, highly regarded and well-received by many countries as art forms in their own right. Vietnamese pottery was known to be a mix of highly technical skills, balanced with a relaxed approach—resulting in an almost serendipitous informality in form and glaze. Where other nations cared about meticulous exactness and perfection, Việt Nam showcased a natural spontaneity through thin walled, bulbous and playful forms, with naturally applied glazes and localized motifs.[7]

Then, the art form was forced to take a detour. A vocational school was established in Bien Hoa in 1903, a historically known area for pottery. A French couple introduced Western shapes and glazes, and flipped production from being an art form to commercialization—ceramics were now catering to Western audiences and export, and downplayed traditional Vietnamese forms and ornamentation.[8,9]

The aesthetic output was used as bait to encourage Vietnamese participation as low-wage workers, while removing their agency, taking away their roles as designers and artists.

6.
C. Meyer, La vie quotidienne des Français en Indochine 1860-1910, p. 73-74

7.
Sưu Tập Gốm Việt Nam , p. 8-12

8.
Tran Huynh, 1999, 'Vert de Bien Hoa', Pottery in Australia, (September) p. 32-33

9.
K. Nguyễn Long, 'Early Bien Hoa Ceramics Viewed in the Context of Trends in France, p. 102-105

What does any of this mean anyway, and what does it have to do with design?

It's a foundational part of my work to investigate context and meaning; design is political. To understand what these oppressive aesthetics look like, and how they've shaped me is the first step to helping me support a new generation of Vietnamese design.

V.
Reviving Vietnamese aesthetics

As real as the violent impact of French rule was, it was not enough to bury our rich tradition of Vietnamese design. Vietnamese ceramics emphasizes honesty, naturalness, and embracing imperfection—notions I actively highlight in my own development.

Rejecting "Westerness" in my ceramics work is part of my own journey in unpacking oppressive aesthetics, and proudly celebrating my Vietnamese heritage. I opt for organic shapes with delicate, slightly flared openings that speak to our Pre-French history. To complement these forms, I refine and experiment with glazes—crackled ivories, lá chuối greens, and warm yellows—echoing a key part of their historical appeal.

VI.
Carving and claiming space

In tandem to defining my own personal aesthetics, my work aims to occupy space and amplify all of our voices in the world of design. To combat the imagery imposed on us by other nations, and to illustrate our own.

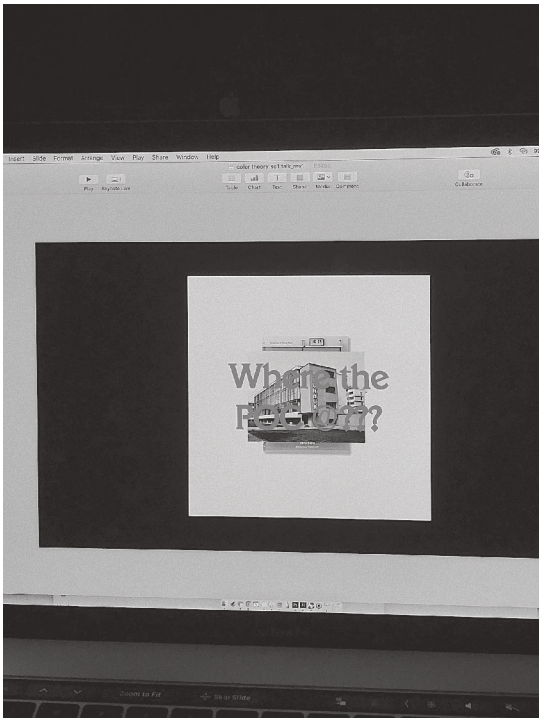
While imperial symbols remain, gone are their political forces. In recent times of peace—and the current period of chaos and uncertainty—we're able to define what Vietnamese design is on our own terms. Is it soft? Is it loud? Is it subtle? Is it vibrant? For now, I can't say all of its defining characteristics for sure. But I'm excited knowing that we have the space to explore and decide that, together.

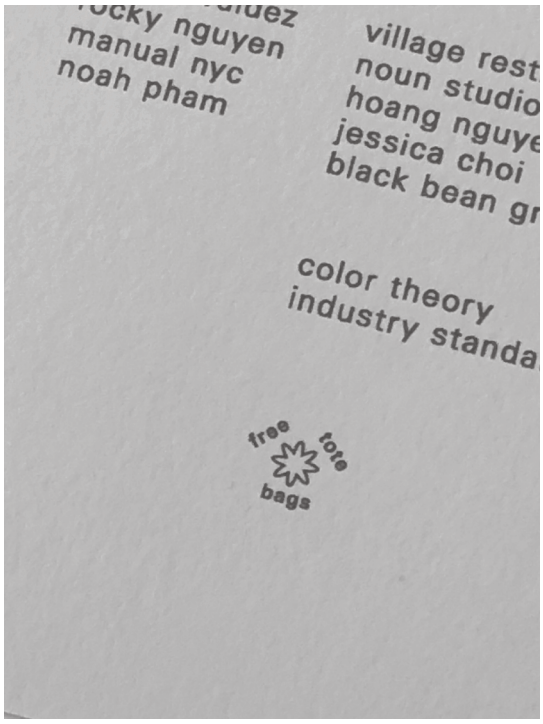
*

Steffany Tran's Essay has been typeset in "Be Vietnam" to use the correct spelling of words and their characters.

2019 =Cont.

Color Theory




rocky nguyen
manual nyc
noah pham
village rest
noun studio
hoang nguye
jessica choi
black bean gr
color theory
industry standa
free
role
bags

inaugural show
SF
november
23
(color theory)
EXPERIMENTAL
DESIGN COLLECTIVE

@alex.ortg lunch bag for today

collective embracing diversity.

color theory

about
store
events
look

we believe in open-mindedness and inclusion. color theory© is a space for these values to evolve and manifest themselves.

August 31st
1633 market street
7pm
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We wanted to thank the contributors for entrusting us in collecting their work for this first issue of Fight for Paradise. We are honored to have these anecdotes printed to provide insight to something so personal. Without your introspection and consideration this issue would not be possible. Thank you.

Contributors
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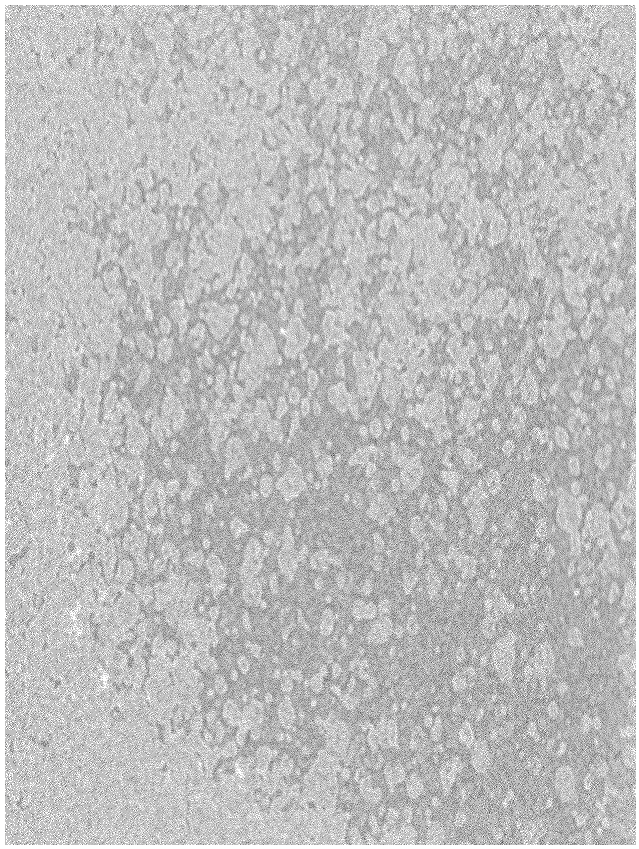
Tom Chung
Sina Sohrab
Steffany Tran
Samantha Vo

In Color Theory Spirit, Fight for Paradise is Free.

Color Theory is a word of mouth collective focused on embracing and celebrating BIPOC in design and art. The organization has done workshops and exhibitions focusing on these values. Contact alexortega.design@gmail.com to say hi.



Fight *for* Paradise

color theory